

We have received from Hall L. Davis, well known Portland stationer, his neat and plain calendar for the year upon which we have entered.

much were those old times. Sixty years ago the use of alcoholic liquors was considered well nigh indispensable. They were present at a man's birth and

[CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.]

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1896.

TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

CIRCULATION NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in West Kennebec
county.Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in Aroostook county.It is now close time for big game in
this State.Proclamation was made by the Presi-
dent on Saturday, announcing that Utah
has been admitted into the sisterhood of
States. This is the forty-fifth State in
the Union.The plan to make the Amesbury,
Mass., home of the late poet Whittier
a memorial is receiving commendation
on every hand. The place has for Mr.
Whittier's friends generally more asso-
ciations than any other.W. O. Fuller, Jr., of Rockland, gave
his new lecture to a fine audience in
Waterville, Saturday evening. Mr. Fuller
left the State Monday, for a month's lec-
turing tour in the western States under
the management of the Slayton bureau.The Lincoln County News, published
at Waldoboro by our old friend Samuel
L. Miller, has with the new year en-
larged to eight pages, and very much
changed in style. It will continue to be
a first class local paper.The President on Saturday signed the
joint resolution authorizing the accept-
ance of the ram Katahdin, constructed
by the Bath Iron Works of Bath, Me.,
and rejected by the President and Sec-
retary of Navy for failure to make her
contract speed.At midnight on Sunday, Secretary
Carlisle gave notice of the new bond
issue. Bids will be received for \$100,000,
000 in 4 per cent. coupon or registered
bonds, running thirty years. There may
also be an additional issue to save the
gold reserve.While the appointment of Mr. Alfred
Austin to the position vacated by the
death of Lord Tennyson, as Post
Laureate of England, will not evoke any
enthusiasm, it is eminently respectable
in its character, and adds another to the
list of indifferent poets who have here-
tofore at times held this honorary posi-
tion.The popular phrase, "more than,"
probably originated with St. Paul. We
hear everywhere expressions like these:
"It is more than cold," "the lady is
more than beautiful," "I shall be more
than pleased," etc., etc. Now Paul in
one of his epistles speaks of being "more
than conquerors," and therefore is the
undoubted originator of this very popular
expression.One of the most experienced dairymen
of Massachusetts writes as follows con-
cerning the Farmer's position on Tubercu-
losis: "I have read your leader with great
interest, and believe it to be just what
will do the Maine farmers good. They
have an opportunity now to sell
cows here which would continue for some
time, and all our dairymen will ask if
they are free from the disease which
afflicts a large per cent. of the herds in
this State."A leading patron in another State
writes saying: "I have read the able ad-
dress of Mr. Manley before the Pomona
grange, and thoroughly enjoyed it. He
takes the true patron's position and well
sustains it. Love for Home, State and
Nation may well be the rallying cry with
every grange, for on these must rest the
stability of American civilization. The
broadening of the field of educational
work in the grange will surely strength-
en the order, and Mr. Manley has well
indicated the course to be taken."At a meeting of the republican State
committee, held in this city, Thursday
evening, the vacancy in the committee
caused by the death of L. G. Downes of
Calais, was filled by the unanimous
election of George A. Murchie of Calais.
The committee voted to hold two con-
ventions; the first to be held in Port-
land, Thursday, April 9, to choose four
delegates and four alternates to attend
the national convention at St. Louis,
June 20; the second convention to be
held in Bangor, June 4, to nominate a
candidate for Governor.The London people are not sure that
they are exactly right in the Venezuela
controversy. The London Chronicle says
"that it is convinced by careful researches
that there is a debatable land both
north and south of the Schomburgk line,
and it would be a grave error to imagine
that a rigid insistence on the Schomburgk
line and a declaration that there is no
ground for arbitration constitute the
essence of the English case." From all
that we can learn, it seems quite certain
that England's position on this question
will have to be abandoned, and that the
Stars and Stripes will come out ahead as
usual.Mrs. Cleveland, assisted by Miss Mor-
ton, the sister of the secretary of agri-
culture, has undertaken the task of pro-
moting Sabbath observance among the
official circles and fashionable society
set at Washington. The practice of us-
ing Sunday afternoon and evening for
social entertainment has been growing
for some time, until now almost all the
members of the diplomatic corps, includ-
ing the British ambassador, have select-
ed that day to hold their receptions and
dinner parties. The plan of operation
proposed by Mrs. Cleveland and her co-
laborer, Miss Morton, is to persuade
society leaders to give up Sunday enter-
tainment, and thus set an example for
those who follow their fashions.

LIVE STOCK ANNUAL MARKET REPORT.

Statistics of the Boston Live Stock Market
For the Year 1895.We present herewith our annual state-
ment of the amount of live stock at the
Watertown and Brighton stock yards,
showing the increase or decrease, as
compared with the eleven preceding
years:


	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895
Cattle	108,461	108,461	108,461	108,461	108,461	108,461	108,461	108,461	108,461	108,461	108,461
Sheep	788,726	788,726	788,726	788,726	788,726	788,726	788,726	788,726	788,726	788,726	788,726
Pigs	1,300,202	1,300,202	1,300,202	1,300,202	1,300,202	1,300,202	1,300,202	1,300,202	1,300,202	1,300,202	1,300,202

WHERE THE STOCK IS FROM.

We give for reference the following
table, showing the number of cattle and
sheep from each of the New England
States, northern New York, Canada and
the West for each quarter, with the total
receipts for 1895, and each of the six
preceding years:

CATTLE.						
	Maneo.	N. H.	Vt.	Mass.	R. I. & C.	Total.
Quarter ending						
Sept. 27.....	2,676	2,086	1,991	1,697	213	38,686
Sept. 28.....	2,676	2,086	1,991	1,697	253	39,000
Sept. 29.....	2,006	1,477	1,462	1,452	45	34,442
Oct. 1.....	1,969	1,469	2,020	2,122	45	37,568
Dec. 25.....	1,969	2,069	2,020	2,122	45	37,568
Total, 1895.....	7,168	7,180	8,258	6,726	311	686
1894.....	6,922	6,044	6,770	6,410	178	948
1893.....	7,130	6,994	7,169	6,779	366	768
1892.....	7,301	7,974	9,275	7,285	318	1,359
1891.....	7,831	7,974	9,275	7,285	318	1,359
1890.....	8,252	5,041	5,949	6,603	67	1,717
1889.....	8,252	5,041	5,949	6,603	67	1,717
1888.....	10,156	5,490	6,172	6,898	208	5,397
						57,460
						31,24
						105,401
						185,276
						185,388
						101,107
						107,332
						124,416

She had quick Consumption.



She had quick Consumption

For a long time I was afflicted with lung and throat trouble. I had the best physicians, care and medicine, but nothing was of lasting benefit to me until I tried **Angier's Petroleum Emulsion**.

Other medicines would relieve me for a few days, when I would be worse off than ever. I could not read, sing, eat, sleep or rest. I had given up all hope, and thought I must soon die of quick consumption.

Finally, when the path was very dark, I saw your advertisement, and was led to try your medicine. I am today a well woman, and have more engagements than I can fill. *N. GERTRUDE STONE, Dramatic Reader.*

Angier's Petroleum Emulsion,

the pleasant Food-Medicine, relieves and cures throat and lung troubles, builds up new sound flesh, and does not upset appetite or stomach.

W. W. We are giving away
little books filled with facts.
Send two-cent stamp.

Sold everywhere. 50c. and \$1.00.
Angier Chemical Co., Irvington St. Boston.

ONE-THIRD MORE BUTTER

Is the gain reported by users of the

Improved United States Cream Separator.



We have used your No. 1 United States Separator with great satisfaction, and from our records we find we are making Italy a third more butter than with our former process.

We run a milk creamery, and only the best milk is left undelivered is run through the Separator. This milk is more or less churned, and sometimes has particles of butter the size of a pea in it, and we consider it one of the most telling tests possible to make, to separate such milk as this. But your machine does its work in grand style and leaves no trace of any trouble.

C. W. STUART & CO.
New Bedford, Mass. U. S. PAT. N. Y.



NEWARK, WAYNE CO., N. Y., NOV. 25, 1895

Send for circulars of the U. S. Separator, the best machine for
factory or dairy use.

Prices to Suit All, \$75.00 and up.

Made under Patents owned exclusively by us. Beware of
imitating and infringing machines.

Agents Wanted in every town and county where we have
2000.

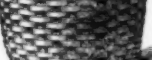
We furnish everything for Creamery and Dairy use.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., - - - Bellows Falls, Vermont.

A WORLD RECORD.

J. D. CARPENTER, President Thorley Food Co., Chicago, Ill. CUBA, N. Y., February 26th, 1891.

My Dear Sir—In answer to your letter will say that I regard your Tonic a grand

[illegible]


JERRARD'S NORTHERN SEEDS
produce earlier vegetables than any other on earth.
 MY NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE MAILED FREE. Address
GEORGE W. P. JERRARD, CARIBOU, MAINE.

SPRAY WITH THE **EMPIRE KING.**

Our Catalogue will tell you why it is the best.
 Send 2c. stamp for postage and the Catalogue is free.
FIELD FORCE PUMP CO., 85 Market St., Lockport, N. Y.

Warranted

Seed



A leading reason for warranting our seeds, as per first issue of Catalogue, is, we raise a large portion of them. As the original introducers of the following named varieties, we are:—
 Golden Wonder, and Longfellow, and Miller Cream Melon, Ohio and Burbank Potatoes, Warren Bush and Marbled Squashes, Marblehead and Maryland Squares, Eclipse Beet, Kentucky Wonder and Marblehead Horticultural Beans, Southern Early Gloe and Heavy Red Gloe Onions, All Season and Marblehead Mammoth Cabbage, and numerous other valuable vegetables, we solicit a share of the public patronage. Our Catalogue of Vegetables and Flower seeds for 1896 containing the names of the seeds we have for sale, will be sent free. J. A. B. GREGORY a son, Marblehead, Mass.

MAINE AGRICULTURAL NEWS.


At the annual meeting of the Waldo Penobscot Agricultural Society, in Monroe, the following officers

“Bought”

lected for the ensuing year: President, M. C. Chapman, Newburg; Vice-President, G. W. Ritchie, Winterport; Treasurer, Neally, Monroe; Treas., F. L. Emerson; Board of Trustees, W. B. F. Ambly, Monroe; C. M. Conant, Winterport; Eli C. West, Frankfort; H. J. Prospect, Josiah Nickerson, Greenville; N. B. Goodrich, Newburg; Putnam, Jackson; W. H. Toothill, Dixmont; S. C. Ellwell, Brooks.

As voted to hold the annual fair on grounds at Monroe, Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th, 1890.

Carr & Co.'s starch factory in Fairfield will be put in operation in a few days. Farmers and all be glad to hear of this, even though

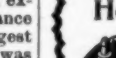


The illustration shows a vintage horse-drawn potato planter. It features a large wooden frame with multiple planting mechanisms. Two horses are harnessed to the front, pulling the device across a field. A person is seated on the machine, likely operating it. The background depicts a rural landscape with trees and a fence.

when planting with the **Improved-Robbins Potato Planter**. Result: 100% of the seed planted correctly, instead of 75 to 90%. No bruised seed. No packed soil. No misses. No doubles. Send for catalogue No. 5.

BATEMAN MFG. CO.,
(The "Iron Age" people). GREENLACH, N. J.

The CANTSLIP
Horse Shoe Creeper



It is universally considered indispensable—no stable is complete without it. It is used in shoeing on any horse, without removing the shoe or cutting the foot. Anyone can put them on and take them off in Five Minutes. Price \$2.00 per pair, with heel cleaner, wrench and extra set of points. Sent on receipt of price, C. O. D. Discount to the trade. Write to BATEMAN MFG. CO., GREENLACH, N. J.

have treatment in order for cows to
be brought. This record of 338
pounds per cow he is quite well satisfied
He does not turn his cows out
to cold to drink, and Monday A. M.
the thermometer 29° below zero
a little frost was seen in one corner
is cow stable. Good feed, good
and good cows will do good work.

Superior Cattle—Augusta.
Amuel Dolly and R. H. Folsom vs.
A. G. Gay. This is an action of
law for a mare of the alleged value of
The parties reside at Readfield,
plaintiffs running a stock farm,
landlord claims she was worthless,
and

Verdict for defendant. W. H. urs by George H. Gibson. To re the sum of \$41.15 for materials shed and labor performed on pages. After the testimony had been heard, the judge ruled that there was no defence to the note, and tated a verdict for the plaintiff, and jury accordingly returned a verdict of \$5.97. William Grant vs. Ida Hass. This is a suit to recover on a bill of exchange drawn by the plaintiff for the plaintiff for \$4.62. mas Fox vs. George A. Staples, et al. on to recover for certain labor performed in making screw-drivers. Verdict for plaintiff for \$30.50. William H. Tolson vs. John A. Tolson. A writ of habeas corpus. Judgment for \$18.00 and a remission of \$18.00.

Chicago, Ill.
Mention this paper. 41103

NURSERY AGENTS

WANTED—To take orders on the road during the coming spring and summer. Good qualified chances for beginners and experienced men. **We want your help and are willing to pay liberally for it.** If you do not fail to write at once for full information. **WHITING NURSERY CO., 437 W. Hill Ave., BOSTON, MASS.**

TRY US. We sell your Country, Venetian, and English Plants.

note. Verdict, nothing due either

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

FOREVER MINE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Blue-eyed and beautiful he came to me,
And said, "I've loved you since my boy-
hood's days;
"O let us walk on by several ways,
Unto life's end together let us be."

So, hand in hand we walked a little space,
Happy as children, though the almond tree
Shone in the lovely starlight, over me,
No star so heavenly fair as his dear face.

His speech fell sweeter than the honey dew;
He never looked on me with a smile;
My wish his law; he watched me all the while,
As all his earth and heaven were in the view.

And his great beauty, royal, saintly, grand!
How did it shine about me like the sun,
With light and warmth that through my soul did run,
Off as he met my gaze or took my hand.

Sacred as dear, unto the hallowed shrine,
Whence those who enter in go out no more,
No outward movement hath its golden door,
He gladly came, and is forever mine.

And sometimes, somewhere in the Father's sight,
He will return; his promise to make good,
"Forever" lasts, we know, beyond the night,
I gaze across, and all things there are bright.

For the Maine Farmer.

A RAINY DAY.

BY G. E. L.

The day is dark, the lowering clouds
Settle around a storm in sympathy
The pelting rain drops in sympathy
Soothe the pain of the bitter strife.

The day, the life are both akin,
The shadows of earth hide the pain;
The anguish of the suffering heart
Finds growing peace in falling rain.

When no ear of earth can listen
To the throbbings of the heart,
Then all nature closes round us,
Of our life becomes a part.

God sends rain to soothe and comfort,
When all earth has turned away;
And light enters into our being
On a dark and cloudy day.

Every day in life has value
To the weary ones of earth;
Rainy days bring peace and comfort,
Leading life to a holier birth.

And the pulsing throughout nature
Through life sends an answering thrill,
And this gloom will be supplanted,
For sweet peace its place shall fill.

Pittsford.

Our Story Teller.

THE THIEF ON THE SHIP.

"Mrs. Melhurst's compliments, sir,
and would you please come down to her
stateroom immediately?"

I had just shut myself into my little
office on deck, having run through the
ship's accounts before turning in that
night. It is quite a mistake, by the
way, to think that we passengers have no
more onerous duties to perform when
at sea than to watch over the passen-
gers' comfort, read papers on Sunday
and keep a store of nautical information
at our finger ends for the benefit of
every curious voyager. Nowadays the
purser of a crack American liner—mak-
ing, perhaps, a record passage of six
days or so—has his work pretty well cut
out for him during the entire voyage.

On the present occasion I had scarcely
got my accounts fairly in hand when I
was interrupted by a slight tap at the
door. I arose at once and opened it,
and there stood Mrs. Melhurst's Cana-
dian maid, with flushed face and nerv-
ous, agitated manner.

"Is there anything wrong?" I asked,
with some surprise, when she had deliv-
ered her message.

"There is, sir," she replied, hastily.

"All I know—"

She was about to make some other
statement, but pulled herself up sud-
denly and tripped along the deck with-
out another word.

I switched off the electric light, looked
the door and hurried away after her.
When I got to Mrs. Melhurst's state-
room I saw at once that something had
occurred to cause her serious anxiety.

The berth, the couch and even the
floors were littered with the contents
of cabin trunks and hand-bags. In the
midst of the confusion stood the lady
herself, looking decidedly perplexed
and annoyed.

"This is very singular, Mr. Morse,"
she said, pointing to an empty jewel
case which lay open on the upper berth.

"My diamond ornaments are missing."

"You don't say so!" I exclaimed, in
sheer astonishment.

"I do say so!" she replied, sharply.

"You can see for yourself that they are
gone."

"How did it happen?"

"I cannot possibly tell you. At dinner
this evening I happened to mention
to Mrs. Latimer that I had picked up a
certain crescent-shaped brooch on the
continent. She expressed a wish to see
it. When the tables were cleared I
came in here, took out the brooch and
left the jewel case lying on the berth.
When I got back the case was empty."

"How long were you absent?"

"Not more than half an hour."

I was totally staggered. I examined
the lock carefully, but there was abso-
lutely nothing to show that it had been
tampered with. I could hit upon no
better suggestion than that Mrs. Mel-
hurst might possibly have mislaid the
jewels somewhere. This had the same
sole effect of exasperating the lady to
such a degree that it seems that she had
already searched every nook and corner
in the cabin—that I was glad to beat a
retreat in order to lay the matter be-
fore the captain.

I had just got to the head of the sal-
oon stairs when I heard some one
bounding up after me, three or four
steps at a time. I turned and saw Mr.
Carter—who, by the way, had made sev-
eral voyages with us on previous occa-
sions.

"I say, Mr. Morse," he said, taking me
confidentially by the arm, "you've got
some queer customers on board this
trip."

"How so?"

"Why, some one's gone and walked
off with my silver cigarette case, a
couple of rings and a pair of gold—"

"The deuce!"

"Well, it looks uncommonly like as
if the individual you refer to had a
hand in the business, for I don't see
how any ordinary mortal could get into
one's cabin, with the door bolted on
the inside, unless he managed to
squeeze through the porthole."

"On my word, things were beginning
to look serious and no mistake! I lost
no time in hunting up the captain and
made him acquainted with the state of

affairs. He was just as much puzzled
as I was myself. The first thing next
morning he sent a message to Mrs. Mel-
hurst, requesting a private interview in
his cabin on deck. He also signified his
wish that I should be present. We both
questioned the lady closely, but her re-
plies did not tend to throw any light
upon the singular occurrence.

Nevertheless, we determined to keep
a close watch upon the stateroom in fu-
ture. It was pretty evident we had a
"black sheep" on board—probably an
old hand at the business. For the next
few days we had no further complaints.
The thief was evidently "lying low,"
waiting until tranquillity was restored
before making a fresh attempt. Mean-
while I kept my eyes open. I observed
the little peculiarities of the different
passengers and took particular note of
the manner in which they occupied
their time.

On board ship when you find a man
who shows a marked preference for his
own society above that of the loungers
on deck or habitues of the smoke-
room, one is inclined to jump at the
conclusion that he has some solid rea-
sons for his exclusiveness. If, in addi-
tion to this, he happens to be of an un-
communicative disposition, with black
hair and swarthy complexion, given to
wearing a slouch hat and long coat—
rightly or wrongly, you put him down
as a decidedly suspicious character.

Now, we happened to have a conser-
vator on board—a Brazilian named De
Castro—who tallied in every way with
this description. But for the fact that
I had conclusive evidence to show he
could not have been directly concerned
in the robberies—for inquiries proved
he had remained on deck the whole
evening—he certainly would have been
treated to a private interview in the
captain's cabin. As it was, I was forced
to conclude that black hair, swarthy
complexion, slouch hat and cloak were
quite compatible with a man's innoc-
ence.

Nothing further occurred to excite
suspicion until the last day or two of
the voyage. Then, one evening after
dinner, word was brought to me that
three other staterooms had been rifled
of their contents. In his stateroom
Watches, jewelry and even money had
disappeared, though in all three cases
the passengers stoutly declared they
had left their doors locked.

When the alarm reached me I hap-
pened to be standing in my deck office.
I had in my hand two sovereigns, which
I had just taken in exchange for Ameri-
can money to purchase one of our
passengers. I didn't wait to lock up
the gold; I simply placed it on my desk,
switched off the light and hurried away.
I had no fear for the safety of the
sovereigns, my door having a particu-
larly intricate lock, in which I took
good care to turn the key before leav-
ing.

I remained below for an hour or so,
investigating these fresh complaints.
But, as in the other cases, I was utterly
unable to make head or tail of them.
Vexed and bewildered, I went back to
my office, unlocked the door, turned on
the light, and mechanically stretched
out my hand to take the sovereigns
from the desk. My hand closed upon
nothing more solid than this air—my
little pile of gold had vanished!

For a moment or two I stood there
gazing blankly before me, so utterly
confused and dismayed that I could
scarcely bring my wits to bear upon the
mysterious affair. Then I managed to
pull myself together, and took a look
around my little cabin. In the course
of my observations my eye happened
to rest upon the port hole, which stood
wide open, the weather being oppressively
hot.

I regarded the innocent looking por-
t-hole with the air of a veritable Sher-
lock Holmes. I went outside and thrust
my arm in through the opening, but my
hand did not reach within fully two
yards of the desk. Still, it struck me
as being the only way in which the thief
could have got at the money, and I de-
termined to put my theory to a practi-
cal test.

I hurried down into the saloon, where
most of the passengers were congregated.
As yet few of them were aware of
the robberies, for we had kept the mat-
ter as secret as possible. I went
straight up to a young American gen-
tleman who I knew had a great many
trinkets in his stateroom and was
rather careless too in the way he left
them lying about.

"Don't show any surprise," I whis-
pered, glancing around at the other oc-
cupants of the saloon, "but might I ask
whether your stateroom is locked?"

"It is."

"Well, just pass me your key; I want
to try a little experiment. I'll be back
in five minutes and then stroll up on deck.
Let yourself be seen—on the lower deck
particularly—but don't pay too close
attention to anyone you may notice
loitering there."

I went and shut myself in the state-
room, crouching down so that I could
just keep an eye on the porthole over
the top of my head. I remained in that
cramped position until my limbs
fairly ached, and I was half inclined to
give it up as a bad job.

But suddenly, as I glanced up at the
porthole, my blood ran cold, and in all
my life I never had such difficulty to
keep down a yell. In the dim light I
saw a long, thin hairy arm thrust in
through the opening. The next mo-
ment a small black hand had fastened
upon a leather case lying close to the
window and withdrew it as quick as
thought.

I sprang to my feet and bolted out-
side into the passage. I dashed up the
saloon stairs and made for the lower
deck. There, just about the spot where
I judged the stateroom to be situated,
I came face to face with the Brazilian,
De Castro. In spite of the heat he was
wearing his long cloak with the deep
cape, and had his eternal cigarette be-
tween his teeth. He looked at me with
an air of frank surprise, and I looked
at him with an air of profound suspicion.

Suddenly a happy thought flashed
through my mind. I turned round and
sprang down the saloon stairs, running
full tilt against the chief steward, who
was standing at the bottom.

"Get me a handful of nuts—quick!"
I cried.

When he brought them I hurried
back on deck. The Brazilian had moved
away a little toward the stern. I went
close up, stood right in front of him,
and then began deliberately to crack
the nuts.

He regarded me with a pitying sort
of look but I paid little attention to him.
Presently I saw a corner of the cape
drawn aside and behind a pair of small,
gleaming eyes fixed greedily upon me.

TRUSTING WOMEN.

THEIR CONFIDENCE OFTEN LEADS
TO SUFFERING.

An Ohio Woman's Experience, as Here
Related, is Interesting to Every
American Woman.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.)

It is a very sad fact that the more a
woman trusts to the skill of her physician
in treating her female complaints, the
longer she is apt to suffer.

Lydia E. Pinkham fully realized this
fact when she commenced that exhaus-
tive study that has enabled the women of
the world to help themselves. She dis-
covered the source of female complaints,
and produced the Vegetable Compound,
which is their absolute cure.

When such testimony as the following
is given, the woman who thinks should
act quickly, and no longer permit herself
to trust to incompetent doctors. The
Vegetable Compound is sold by all drug-
gists, and every woman should have it.



"The doctors had told me that unless
I went to the hospital and had an opera-
tion performed I could not live. I had
falling, enlargement, and ulceration of
the womb."

"I was in constant misery all the time;
my back ached; I was always tired. It
was impossible for me to walk far or
stand long at a time. I was surely a
wreck. I decided that I would give your
Compound and Sanative Wash a trial."

"I took three bottles of Lydia E.
Pinkham's Ve table Compound, and used
two packages of Sanative Wash, and I
am now almost well. I am gladder and
healthier than I have ever been in my
life. My friends and neighbors and the
doctors are surprised at my rapid im-
provement. I have told them all what
I have been taking."—Mrs. ANNETTA
BICKNELL, Bellingham, Belmont Co., O.

It was enough. My suspicions were
confirmed. I flung the rest of the nuts
in the sea, and walking straight up to
De Castro, said:

"I must ask you to accompany me to
the captain's cabin."

"You mean?" he asked, drawing
back.

I was determined to stand no non-
sense, and straightway took him by the
shoulders. The moment I laid my
hands upon him I heard a vicious snarl
under his cape; it was pulled suddenly
aside and out flew a monkey.

The little brute came at me tooth and
nail. I saw the gleam of a knife, too,
in the Brazilian's hand, but I let him
have my fist straight between the eyes
before he could use it, and he measured
his length upon the deck.

The quartermaster came running up,
and the rascal was dragged off to the
captain's cabin. When searched there
Mrs. Melhurst's diamonds, Mr. Carter's
cigarette case and rings and a miscel-
laneous collection of other valuables
were found upon him. In his stateroom
we discovered a perforated box, appar-
ently intended for the use of the mon-
key, who was evidently quite as accom-
plished as his master.—Casey's Journal.

AN UNCONSCIOUS HERO.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

"No," Eleanor Landsberg said, as she
crushed the cluster of fresh American
Beauty roses she held in her clasped
hands with painful intensity, as if they
were somehow to blame, "I cannot
marry you, Morris—you are not my hero."

"Heroes do not exist out of novels,"
answered Morris Holmes, with the per-
fect infection that good breeding gives
to its possessor; "I cannot fight for my
ladylove as the medieval knights did
not fly to the wars in these degenerate
days."

"Then be a soldier of peace; there
are daily wars to be waged that need
disciplined soldiers. Be anything but
a dandy on the silken skirts of soci-
ety. You believe because you have
inherited a fortune that other men
earned for you by the sweat of their
brow, you are to lie idle in the lap
of luxury. Shame, Morris Holmes!

When I marry I will choose my husband
from among the ranks of the people;
my hero must do great deeds, not dream
them all day long."

"My dear socialist," said Morris, with
the familiarity of long acquaintance, "I
will listen to reason a moment; you
will see that with money you can re-
medy a great many evils; without it you
are practically helpless."

"How many evils have you reme-
died, Morris? Answer me that."

"Few as yet, I admit. But, Eleanor,
is it my fault that my father left me
a fortune? Listen, dearest. I will
tell you so this once. Why not help
become his almoner? At least I am
not a prodigal."

"Pardon me," returned the young
woman, tearing the heart from a rose
—a performance which made the sensi-
tive Morris wince—"I think you are
a prodigal with time and influence,
and all the other good things which you
waste by lavishing them on yourself.
How can you account for wasted op-
portunities and talents folded in a nap-
kin when the day of reckoning comes?"

"What would you have me do to
prove myself a hero?" asked Morris
Holmes, with a gently patronizing air,
as if he had been speaking to a child,
and which infuriated Eleanor.

"Do?" she repeated, with withering
 scorn; "do anything to show the world
that you are a man, and at least capable
of managing your own affairs! Life
is full of instruction, but you have
never learned one of its lessons. You
have not even been a profitable dream-
er."

She was intense and angry, and at
last he was aroused. He rose without
his usual unobtrusive elegance of man-
ner and said:

"You have taught me one lesson,
Eleanor, that I shall not forget. I hope
when you find your hero he will love
you as truly as I have done—as I will
continue to do, if you do not forbid
me. And now, good-bye. We part
friends, do we not?"

Before she answered him Eleanor
rose and in so doing dropped the flow-
ers she had been holding. Morris
sprang to pick them up, when instead
she placed her small, imperative foot
upon them, crushing them to the floor.
He looked at her, shocked and wounded.

"You see how hopeless it is that you
should ever understand me," she said,
bitterly. "You have more considera-
tion for these hothouse weeds than for
the souls of those around you. You
hurt and wound me by your indiffer-
ence to vital questions, but you are
sorry for the roses! Good-bye, Morris!"

"No bells left in the sleeper, sir."
"You tell us, I must have a berth—
I can't sit up all night," and Morris
Holmes shivered at the thought of such
a hardship.

"A great many good people do, sir,"
said the conductor. "There's old Judge
Skinner and his wife, they are both
going to sit up to-night."

"But my man telegraphed for a sec-
tion."

"They were all taken then, sir."

It was strange that at the first mo-
ment Morris Holmes started out to be-
come a hero and learn the seamy side of
life he should be reduced to actual suf-
fering like this. If he had been
dressed in his usual fashionable and
elegant traveling attire the conductor
would have suspected that he had bought
some less important traveler or sold
him a berth already negotiated for
him, as the all-powerful car magnate
has the privilege of doing.

But Morris Holmes had donned the
plain dress of the ordinary business
man, and wore a hideous gray ulster
that concealed his elegant personality,
and was on his way to the mining dis-
trict, where a mine was located of which
he was part owner, not a gold mine,
but one that brought in gold—a bit-
uminous coal mine, known as the Little
Summit.

Morris had taken little or no notice
of this branch of his wealth, the man-
agement and details being left to his
agent, but when he left Eleanor Lands-
berg on the occasion of her second and
final refusal of his offer of marriage,
he suddenly determined to take a trip
into the mining country and try his
hand at heroism, in the way of improving
the condition of the men who worked in
the underground chambers, a work to him
the embodiment of hardship and priv-
ation. He was going incognito, with
the feeling of one who was about to
perform a long neglected duty.

A more desolate place than that in
which the Little Summit mine was lo-
cated could be found in the world. The
mine that poured wealth into the cof-
fers of its owner was conducted by ill-
paid, sodden men, scrubby boys, and
half-blind mules. The foreman was
brutalized by a long course of low
wages, heavy expenses and sordid sur-
roundings. It was a word and a blow
with him, or an oath more demoraliz-
ing than blows. When a stranger ap-
peared he was greeted with sullen and
suspicious silence, being more than
half suspected of wanting the bread
out of some other mouth. Morris was
shocked almost out of recognition of
himself by this unexpected state of
things, for he felt himself passively to
blame. He could not lay the odium
on the shoulders of his agent, for he
had never asked him a single question
concerning the mine or the moral or
suspicious side of the men. He had
taken the revenue from it as part of his
patrimony, indifferent as to methods.
He had been helping to grind women
and children into the dust that he
might loiter in luxury. His conscience
struggled with him with reproaches which
were inadequate to make him suffer as he de-
served.

"Your hand, friend," he had said to
the foreman, and noted the ugly scowl
and determined refusal with which
the man drew back.

"I ain't as white as yours, and how do
I know that you are my friend?"
was the reply.

"I am here to see what you need, and
will help you if you will let me," an-
swered Morris, gently.

"A spy or an overseer, like enough.
The sooner you get out of these quar-
ters the better for your health. If one
of the bloomin' mine owners sent you
here, go back and tell him 'tain't safe
to come spyin' round. Tell him, too,
that we'll give him a warmer welcome
—bonds that they all are!"

The miners, dirty, black and complain-
ing, had gathered around the foreman,
and although they hated him, they
were bound to him by a common grudge.

"Tell them to come and get filled with
your lead—your heat—your heat—
'casion," said a burly miner known as
"Old Geordie."

"They dassn't come nigh their own
property," said another; "they're white
livered cowards and not worth the pow-
der to blow 'em to thunder."

"Go back to your master and tell him
what his lovin' workmen says," said the
foreman, contemptuously. "He gets
a shot of lead from some of the hun-
gry chaps and dyin' mothers for the family
album. My missus will give you hers."

"Men," said the stranger, unbutton-
ing his heavy ulster and throwing it
open, "have you ever heard of Morris
Holmes?"

A groan and a series of yells saluted
him.

"Aye, and his father afore him. It's
that he might be soft and eat fine food
that we gets lost in the choke an' damp.
If he sent you, go back and tell him
to come out here himself. We've a
long account to settle, and the figgers
is waitin'."

It was "Old Geordie" who spoke.

"I am Morris Holmes."

Now, if there is any quality that the
rough and lawless of creation recognize
and admire, it is courage, and after the
first start of surprise, which in that sod-
den crowd was genuine and dramatic,
the men felt an instant respect for this
weakling of wealth, who was not afraid
of them, and something like a cheer
broke from their hoarse throats.

"I am here to right your wrongs,"
continued Morris, in a voice that sound-
ed like a commander on the battle-
field, "but I demand protection at your
hands. I demand your confidence and
that of your wives and children. I have
the right to ask this. For the
present that is all I have to say."

A few cheered him, others remained
sullen and discontented, good news be-
ing received with caution and suspicion.

eleonor Landsberg had no word from
Morris for six months. Then she re-
ceived a paper marked in red ink, which
had a paragraph that interested her.
It gave a plain statement of the great
improvement that had taken place in
the Little Summit mine, and went on to
describe the comfortable homes of the
miners, the new machinery which had
been put into the mines to take the place
of child labor, the comfortable stables
above the ground that had been built
for the mules, the improved social con-
ditions of the men's families, and ended
with a glowing tribute to the "noble
energy of the young and athletic mine
owner, Morris Holmes."

Athletic? Eleanor repeated the word
with much satisfaction. It was of
moral athletes she was thinking, and it
pleased her mightily that this word
could thus be applied to Morris.

In a few moments she received a sec-
ond newspaper, published like the first,
in a town adjoining the mines, and giv-
ing the news of that section of the coun-
try. It also contained a marked para-
graph, but the marking was irregular
black lines of jagged pencil, and on the
border was drawn a rude hand, point-
ing to the notice and the badly written
but legible "Old Geordie."

Eleanor read in a few intense words
the news that had been sent to her.
There had been an accident in the mine.
The roof of the entire chamber had fall-
en and buried 20 miners beneath it.
The men were rescued with great diffi-
culty, and some of them were badly in-
jured. When all were supposed to have
been saved, there was a warning cry,
and the wife of "Old Geordie" struggled
from the hands of friends and tried to
throw herself into the mine. Morris
Holmes, pale and out of breath, called
for men to go down with him and rescue
"Old Geordie." No one responded.

The men owed their lives to their fami-
lies, and they knew the danger of a fall-
ing roof, but it meant little to them as
the blue sky above, swung into the cage
and was lowered alone amid an awe-
stricken silence into the bosom of death.
There was not much to tell. When the
signal was given there were willing
hands to help deliver the two men from
the wreckage, but only one came up
alive. The other had succumbed to
the fatal damp. A long pangyric fol-
lowed, but it meant little to Eleanor.
Her eyes rested on four oft-quoted
hackneyed lines that closed the story
—they would never leave her:

"For whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

She had found her hero, never again
to lose him. He had been true to his
shield.—Detroit Free Press.

FOR HER SAKE.

It wanted less than an hour to high
water when Miss Marty Lear heard her
brother, Job, called to her from the
beach below the garden, and set
the knives and glasses straight while
she listened for the click of the garden
latch.

A line of stunted hazels ran along the
foot of the garden and hid the landing-
place from Miss Lear as she stood at the
kitchen window gazing down steep
alleys, of scarlet runners. Direct above
her was a long-jawed man of 65, with
the fruit-growing village of St. Kitts, and
caught a glimpse at high tide of the in-
tervening river, or towards low water
of the mud banks shining in the sun.

It was Miss Lear's custom to look
much on this landscape from this win-
dow; had, in fact, been her habit for
close upon 40 years. And this evening,
when the latch clicked at length, and
her brother, Job, came down from her
landing, she saw the path between the
parallel garden-stuff, her eyes rested
all the while upon the line of gray wa-
ter above and beyond his respectable
hat.

Nor, when he entered the kitchen,
hitched this hat upon a peg in the wall
—where it lay accurately fitted a sort
of doll halo in the whitewash—did he
appear to want any welcome from her.
He was a long-jawed man of 65, with
a long-jawed woman of 61; and they
understood each other's ways, having
kept this small and desolate farm to-
gether for 30 years—that is, since their
father's death.

A cold nut pasty stood on the table,
with the elder job that Job Lear
regularly eluded job upper teeth
suggested to him to talk, and the pair
sat down to eat in silence.

It was only while holding out his
plate for a second helping of the pasty
that Job spoke with a full mouth.

"Who'd e reckon I ran across to-day,
down in Troy?" Miss Marty cut the
slice without troubling to say that she
had not a notion.

"Why, that fellow Amos Trudgeon,"
he went on.

